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## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

JERSEY.

At the conclusion of our last article, we had bidden adieu to France, and were on our way across the bay of Brittany towards Jersey, the nearest of the Channel Islands to St. Malo. The distance, from fifty to sixty miles, we had expected to perform in six hours; but, when half way, and out of sight of land, there arose a storm of wind and rain which greatly retarded the vessel, and in the midst of this hurricane we reached the much-wished-for shores of Jersey. Yet the worst was to come. Instead of proceeding into the harbour of St. Heliers, the steamer stopped a quarter of a mile from the nearest point of land, and here the passengers were handed into a small boat dancing like a cork on the top of the much agitated waves. A number, indeed, preferred being carried on to Guernsey to landing in this neither pleasant nor safe manner; but we heroically risked the exploit; and after what some of the party considered a most alarming little voyage, we got ashore in a condition well fitted to put one out of humour with the Channel Islands and all connected with them.

Once safe and comfortably housed in a small hotel in St. Heliers, we were enabled to look forth with a degree of complacency on the sea, as it raged and fretted against a well fortified islet in front of the town and harbour; and when good weather returned, we soon made the discovery, that the beauties of Jersey had been far from being overpraised. My own impressions were, that they had not been praised enough; and I felt that, notwithstanding scores of descriptions, I was looking at scenes for which the mind had not by any means been prepared. Let me try to mend the general accounts of this fair 'gem of the ocean.'

Jersey is about 12 miles in length by 8 in breadth, with a circumference of 48 miles, and a surface of nearly 40,000 acres. No part of the land is high. The island, however, stands well out of the sea, and, except where there are small sandy bays, the shores are rugged, and in many places precipitous. My own opinion—hazarding a geological hypothesis—is, that the bay of Brittany, or St. Michael, as it is locally termed, was at one time dry land, the softer parts of which being washed away, a great number of rocky islets and some islands have been left alone amidst the waters. If Jersey was not in this manner, and at a remote period, cut off from the mainland of France, it is very evident that it must at one time have been considerably larger in dimensions; for all round it are seen black reefs and clusters of rocks, the relics of dry land—in the present day forming the surest defence against maritime aggression.

On the south side of the island, where a valley slopes down towards the flat sandy shore of a spacious bay, St. Heliers, the chief town in the island, has been built.

In front, as already noted, is a low rocky islet, on which stands Fort Elizabeth, which may be reached on foot, or by a wheeled vehicle, at low water. Lying chiefly in the bottom of the valley, and spreading northwards on the ascending slopes, the situation of St. Heliers is convenient and picturesque, and from many of its exterior villas are obtained most charming views of the bay, the shipping, and the environing headlands. Although next door to France, and peopled by a Norman race, you may see at a glance that St. Heliers is in all respects an English town. The houses are erected on the English plan; and no one, on seeing their green doors and brass knockers, their neat muslin window-curtains, their flower-plots and railings, can hesitate an instant as to what nation they belong. The streets, irregular though they generally are, likewise possess side pavements, and there are no surrounding walls to debar the free air of heaven. I had heard of Jersey being so much of a French island, that all this was new to me; and I was not less surprised to observe that shops, sign-boards, and, as far as I heard, the general speech, were all thoroughly English. The only tokens of French externally visible are occasional announcements of 'Maison à Vendre,' 'Appartemens Garnis,' and so forth, with here and there an affiche in the French tongue. Some newspapers are also published in French; and many of the inhabitants speak this language vernacularly, while others use it for convenience; but I was informed that it is disappearing—that the rising generation is everywhere Anglicising, and that French will by and by be little heard. The influx of English families, extended education and trade, and the progress of literature, are the predominating influences in this change. As yet, however, French is the judicial and state language of Jersey, as it was in England for ages, after it had been abandoned in ordinary affairs.

St. Heliers contains no more to interest strangers than English provincial towns generally. At the centering point of various streets is an open place, in which are some of the chief hotels and shops. Among the latter may be observed a number of bookselling establishments and reading-rooms, where there appears a mixture of French and English literature. At this central point, also, is the court-house, where the states or parliament of the island assemble. At the foot of the street, running southward from this point, is the extensive quay, environing a spacious harbour, which, at the period of our visit, was well filled with shipping. Overlooking the harbour and part of the town is a craggy hill, presenting a bold front as seen from the sea, and on the summit is placed Fort Regent, which commands the whole bay. This fortress, which we reach by a long sloping pathway, is of great strength. On the parade within, we found some English soldiers at drill,

whose clean and orderly appearance was quite a relief after the sight of French troops. The view from Fort Regent, taking in the bay in front, with the pretty town of Aubin on its western side, is very extensive.

Not, however, in the town, but in the country parts of the island, did we spend the few days which we had to spare. Hiring a caleche from our host, we made an excursion to the chief points of attraction inland and on the coast. The whole interior is remarkable for the uniformity of its character. I may describe it as a patch of country composed entirely of small green fields, dotted over with apple trees, cottages, villages, gentlemen's seats, and churches; and intersected with an endless maze of highways and by-ways, everywhere bordered with thick and bushy hedgerows. The general effect is that of green luxuriance—a country teeming with rich rural produce—an extensive orchard—the seat of tranquil rustic enjoyment. The roads are all well kept, though not wide, but they are improving in this respect; and we might excuse them if they were ten times worse, for there is not a toll-bar in the island. In almost all quarters we saw an abundance of ivy, which in some places luxuriantly overgrows the hedges and walls. The farms appear to be generally of moderate size, and at short intervals we come upon substantially built farm-houses and cottages, such as may be seen in the south of England. There seemed nothing peculiar in either the look or dress of the peasantry. One is surprised with the number of churches. The island being divided into twelve parishes, we can scarcely travel above one or two miles in any direction, without alighting upon an old-fashioned church, enclosed in its neatly-kept churchyard—the aspect altogether English, even to the tombstones, except that most of the inscriptions are in French. We likewise occasionally pass neatly-built dissenting chapels, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The establishment, I need hardly say, is a branch of the church of England, under the special charge of the Bishop of Winchester, who was paying a professional visit to the island during my brief residence.

Our first drive carried us eastward to Mont Orgueil, a lofty rocky protuberance rising on the sea-shore, crowned by a fort, and one of the chief lions of Jersey. During the war, the fortifications and the barracks within were properly garrisoned; but now all is desertion and silence, and the only inhabitant is an old soldier with his wife and child. Conducted by the latter, a talkative little girl, we ascended to the topmost height, where was a small bastion facing the sea, called King Charles's Outlook, and here we had a splendid view of the coast below, the sea, and the peninsula of Normandy on the east. A prominent object in this part of France is the lofty spire of the cathedral of Coutances—a marvel of architectural grandeur, which can be seen at a vast distance. The castle of Mont Orgueil was for some time the residence of Charles II. during his wanderings; the inhabitants of Jersey having remained attached to the royal cause throughout the civil commotions in England. The island was finally reduced by Admiral Blake for the commonwealth.

Proceeding northward from Mont Orgueil, the next point of interest is Rozel Harbour, where there is a small village and port, with picturesque environs. From it we visited, I believe, every harbour or little bay, with its village, round the north and west sides of the island, till we came back to St Heliers. On another day we varied the excursion, and saw everything else worthy of notice. From a prominent knoll at the north-west extremity, we obtained a view of Guernsey and Sark, lying some eight or ten miles distant. In general, we found that the points of romantic beauty, such as patches of precipice and ravine, were considerably over-flattered by their fond admirers. The truth is, that here, as in the Isle of Wight, everything is in miniature—pretty, but not grand or imposing. Jersey, however, is far prettier than the Isle of Wight; it is prettier than any part of England; and I have never

seen anything on the continent which can be at all compared to it in point of beauty. Its climate, also, is exceedingly mild and pleasant. Nothing but its distance from Southampton—fifteen hours' sail, and that is a trifle in these days of steam—can have prevented Jersey from being resorted to by crowds of tourists, and also hosts of persons seeking a retreat wherein to pass a few years of their life in tranquil enjoyment. The island, indeed, is by no means undiscovered by the searchers for a pleasant and cheap place of residence. Its excellent society, embracing a number of families of naval and military gentlemen—generally a pleasant and accommodating set of people—attests that its merits have not been disclosed in vain. Nor are the attractions at all of an unsubstantial kind.

One day, we spent a few hours in perambulating the market and shops of St Heliers, inquiring the prices of articles of provision, and picking up a little general information. The result of what we learned may be thus summed up; and such a summary, I believe, no other part of the world can produce. Jersey, with a population of about 47,000, and enjoying all the advantages of British protection, is entirely exempted from taxes, and has only some trifling rates. No assessed taxes, no income or property tax, no house or window tax, no stamps, no customs, no excise, no toll-bars—horses, dogs, servants, carriages, all free. What a blessed country! says the well-taxed Englishman. But Jersey owns other blessings. Upon neither the importation nor exportation of articles of any description is there any restriction. Trade is free. It is very pleasant to know that there is at least one spot on God's earth not blighted with the curse which commercial restrictions have everywhere else imposed. Ships from all countries sail into St Heliers, and pour forth their stores unchallenged, subject to no other charge than that for harbourage. The corn, wines, and liqueurs of continental Europe, the sugars of the West Indies, the tobacco and cotton of Virginia, the timber and drugs of South America, the tea of China, the spices of Java, and the silk of Hindostan—all enter this happy little port free of any kind of duty. Besides the advantages derivable from the freedom of import trade, the inhabitants enjoy the privilege of exporting their produce unrestrictedly to England—a boon of incalculable value. The chief exports are cows, potatoes, butter, cider, and apples. It is stated that 8000 tons of potatoes, 15,000 gallons of cider, and 20,000 pounds of butter, are exported annually. A considerable trade is carried on in the Newfoundland fisheries. Vessels engaged in these fisheries take with them from Jersey woollen manufactures, cordage, nets, and some other articles of island manufacture; and having obtained a cargo either by fishing or purchase, they proceed with it to various ports in Spain, the Mediterranean, or North and South America. Sales being there effected, the vessels return with the produce of these markets either to England or Jersey; if to the former, they make a fresh exchange, and bring to the island the articles required by the inhabitants. In this way the trade of Jersey, export and import, affords a miniature example of what would arise in any other country—could such a happy country exist below—where neither were prohibitory duties exacted nor duties for revenue required.

As might be expected, all articles of foreign growth are disposed of, in Jersey, at but a small and reasonable advance on their first cost. An English housewife goes quite beside herself on entering a grocer's shop in St Heliers. All her previous knowledge of marketing is upset. What visions of bargain rise in her imagination! We entered one of the largest in the town, and first addressed ourselves to the article sugar, of which the capacious window boasted numerous specimens. 'What is the price of that very fine-looking loaf-sugar?'—5d. a pound; but here is a sugar nearly as good for 4½d. 'Show us some brown sugar—ay, that light-looking kind; what is it per pound?'—3d.; but here is some

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2d. 'Just so; now tell us the price of tea'—here is good black tea at 2s. 6d. a pound, and green tea from 3s. to 5s. 'Now for coffee'—we can supply the best India coffee at from 8d. to 11d. per pound, and Mocha at about 1s. 6d. These prices, we learned, were Jersey money, by which is meant that one shilling English will be taken for thirteence; and the weight of the pound being an ounce and a-half heavier than in England, the purchaser has two important deductions in his transactions. In the same shop we learned that the price of Cognac brandy is 6s.; old Jamaica rum, 7s. 6d.; Hollands, 3s. 6d.; and whisky, 8s. per gallon. Port and sherry wines were from 20s. to 25s. per dozen; and clarets from 12s. upwards. In the butcher market, we found the price of meat of various kinds much the same as it is in England or Scotland, and so likewise was the bread; but this was not reckoning the advantages from over-weight and over-value of money. House rent, we learned, is nearly the same as in the outskirts of London. Newcastle coal is considerably cheaper than in London. Fish is not supplied regularly, being caught chiefly at firs and starts by the peasantry. Notwithstanding the general lowness of the price of articles of consumption, the wages of labour are about the same as with us. In all our perambulations we never saw either a rag or a beggar. Left to take their fair course, population and the means of subsistence have evidently adjusted themselves; and the consequence is, we see a spectacle of peace and plenty, which, I am well assured, could not be discovered in any other part of Europe, or perhaps in the world.

Enjoying such advantages, the natives of Jersey are warmly attached to Britain, to maintain their connexion with which, they have already fought heroically, and would do so again. In 1780, a bold attempt was made by a French invading party to seize the island, which was defeated in a most spirited manner, after a temporary success. At present, a friendly intercourse is kept up between St Heliers and St Malo, Granville, and one or two other places on the French coast, whence supplies of fish and a few other articles are occasionally drawn; and whence, also, arrive many French visitors on tours of pleasure to the island.

### OUR GOVERNESSES.

THERE was, during the Christmas week, an unusual bustle in Clover Hall, which chiefly manifested itself in straggling of rooms, pulling down of beds, and sewing up of draperies; in a contriving of carpets, and fitting of curtains. I should have cared very little about this intestine warfare, had it not invaded my own study; but to my chagrin I found that they had abstracted a favourite table—upon, around, and under which it had been my practice to strew letters, memoranda, and other papers—in that kind of 'admired disorder' which is so congenial to literary habits. My mortification was extreme, therefore, when I found the table absent, and my papers packed up with such extraordinary neatness, that I could not find one of them.

'The fact is, my dear,' replied Mrs Johnson to my mild expostulations on the subject, 'you know the new governess is coming, and as she is a stranger, poor thing, it behoves us to atone for the loss of the friends she has left, and to make her in every way comfortable.'

'Very true; but to do that, it is necessary to turn the house topsy-turvy.'

Mrs Johnson's reply was perfectly characteristic: 'Why,' she said, 'as Miss Littlejohn is a first-rate French scholar, I have thought it right to fit up her room quite in the French style! One or two of the things in your room I thought I might take for the purpose.'

'A most delicate mark of attention; but as Clotilda has given up her chamber to the coming instructress, where do you intend to put her?'

'Oh, the dear girl will do very well in the large dressing-room—'

'And George, when he comes home to spend the long vacation?'

'I am double-bedding Robert's room for him.'

'Then,' I continued, 'the rest of the younger branches will have, I suppose, to spread themselves over the large attic.'

'Precisely so. It shall not be my fault if our new governess be not comfortable. She shall have no cause to complain; though I do not believe her predecessors had anything else to be dissatisfied with than the troubles they made for themselves. For my part, I have always found governesses more difficult to manage than any other part of my family; and I cannot comprehend why so much sympathy should be constantly excited for the distresses of private teachers, in tales, novels, and other literary productions.'

I perfectly agreed with my wife; but it does not always answer to confess so much; for, between ourselves, she sometimes commits herself to extreme opinions. Therefore, though I cordially coincided with her, I did not utter my thoughts aloud.

There is a vast deal of misplaced sympathy expended upon governesses in private families. Their woes have found imaginative record in novels and sentimental comedies for more than a century. In these productions they are invariably portrayed as females of high mental endowments, abandoned by the caprices of fortune to the indignities of vulgar mistresses and the tricks of wicked children. Their situation, instead of being (as they so often desire them to be in reality) like 'one of the family,' is invariably pictured as a constant purgatory. They are always helped last at table, are made to exhibit their superlative accomplishments for the amusement of guests, without either applause or thanks; and are invidiously left out of every pleasure-party, to be kept at home to brighten the stupidity of their doltish pupils. The society of their employers and their friends is never congenial to their supreme refinement, and they pine away in the solitude of their chambers, and liken themselves to roses in a desert. Such is the picture of distress which imaginative authors paint when they present us with governesses.

'No doubt,' said Mrs Johnson, interrupting my cogitation, 'the position of these ladies, as a class, is not always agreeable.'

'Very true,' I replied; 'especially in the families of those whom a minister of state has happily designated the "vulgar-rich," amongst whom, perhaps, they are exposed to a host of evils. The paucity of employments to which necessitous females can turn to gain a subsistence, causes a vast competition for situations, which naturally lowers the scale of remuneration. This competition gives rise to those extraordinary advertisements one sometimes sees in the newspapers, in which a person capable of imparting an infinite variety of learning, and possessing a crowd of accomplishments, is required for the salary usually given to a housemaid. The advertisement is answered by scores of young women, who, though ignorant of one-half the required branches, profess them all. One gets the situation—is found deficient—her life is made uncomfortable as long as her engagement lasts, and she eventually leaves the family without its respect.'

'I am sure we make them comfortable enough,' my wife remarked.

'We try to do so; though it is seldom we succeed.'

'Very true, my dear,' returned Mrs Johnson. 'You remember, for instance, Miss Pierrepoint, our first governess? I am sure, had she been our daughter, we could not have sacrificed more than we did for her comfort; yet how impossible it was to please her. She was always looking out for little affronts, and meeting reproaches half way. She seemed to be constantly expecting unpleasant treatment, and was actually disappointed when she did not meet with it. On one occasion, when I thought it right to check her mildly, and in private, for some forwardness with one of our male guests, she burst



into tears, and exclaimed against the discourteous treatment to which persons in her unhappy situation were exposed. Another time she retired to her room in dudgeon, and sulked for a week, because I did not ask her to sing at one of the children's parties.'

'Very true. I recollect we could not please her, all we could do; so, to get rid of her whims, we got rid of herself. But I have never rightly understood how Miss Penson has displeased you, that she is to leave us?'

'Why, it is all owing to Clotilda's return from Paris, I assure you,' answered my wife emphatically; 'for the two years Miss Penson has been here, no one could have gone on better. In every respect capable, and always attentive to the children, she has given me great satisfaction; but, latterly, her conduct has completely changed. She is dissatisfied and uncomfortable; and when people are uncomfortable themselves, they always manage to make everybody else so.'

'But what has Clotilda's return from the continent to do with all this?'

'Everything. The fact is, my dear, Miss Penson is jealous of her.'

I raised my eyebrows in wonder.

'It is the truth, I assure you. When Clotilda departed for Paris, she was Miss Penson's pupil; but she has come back, it would seem, as her unwitting rival. The little friendly offices, which I must do Miss Penson the justice to say she used to perform for me so readily and well, are now taken out of her hands by my daughter. She no longer helps me to play the hostess when we have guests, nor the companion when I go to town. It is unfortunate, but unavoidable; and I am sure Clotilda does all she can to treat her like a sister. Again, the other evening at the party, Clotilda completely eclipsed her in singing, for Miss Penson was foolish enough to attempt more than she could perform, and was obliged to leave off in the middle. She has also taken it into her head that the servants do not pay her the same respect they formerly did; and, in short, she is so unhappy, that, having given us notice to quit, she leaves us to-morrow.'

I felt great reluctance to part with Miss Penson, but nevertheless saw the necessity of it. Her manners and deportment had always pleased me; yet, as she took a fatal crotchety into her head, the effect of it was just as inconvenient as if she were the most disagreeable person imaginable. The children, one and all, shared in my regret; and when she went away, Clotilda shed tears, and, to relieve them, she and the departing governess took an off-hand vow of friendship; and they who had been in their small way rivals, were now suddenly converted into the fastest friends. The parting was a new circumstance in their acquaintance, the effects of which had not been anticipated, and it was evident that, despite little tetchy differences, they were, in the main, much attached to each other as companions.

All this was unfavourable to the new comer. She would have to make head against the strong feelings which existed in behalf of her predecessor, whom she had in a manner supplanted. Comparisons would be constantly instituted between her and Miss Penson, to the advantage, of course, of the absent. To guard against this, I co-operated in all my wife's arrangements for Miss Littlejohn's reception: I lectured the children, added some books to the school library, and gave up my table without a sigh.

At the hour appointed Miss Littlejohn arrived in a double 'fly,' which was completely crammed with boxes and packages. Having superintended the proper disposal of her treasures, a job in which all our servants were obliged to take a part, Miss Littlejohn allowed herself to be announced to us in the drawing-room, where we had all assembled to welcome her. She was showily rather than well dressed, and not at all bashful; for she had arrived at an age at which that peculiarity ceases to be a necessary characteristic of ladies. All my wife's fears that our new inmate would feel uncom-

fortable amongst strangers, vanished at first sight, for Miss Littlejohn made friends of us quite impromptu. She shook our hands with all the cordiality of a very old acquaintance, and patronised the children by patting their cheeks, and calling them 'nice little dears,' as if she had been their god-mother. By dinner-time, it was evident that she felt herself perfectly at home; she carved the fowls as a matter of course, and told the children what they ought and what they ought not to eat, like a person perfectly *au fait* to the details of her business as a family governess. After dinner she talked—an expression the reader must understand in its most extensive signification. She began to afford us an insight into the domestic arrangements of the Right Honourable the Lady Hoppleton, whose house she had just left; dropping a delicate hint, that ours was the first untitled family in which she had ever had the honour to be engaged. She then conversed with Mrs Johnson about the fashions—with Clotilda concerning poetry and the concertina, and kindly took me up now and then upon geology, the use of the globes, and French literature. My wife seemed astounded at the extent and variety of Miss Littlejohn's information; but as she made use of a few geological terms in their wrong places, and as her knowledge of French literature was manifestly confined to Telemachus and Chambaud, I was not in the least dazzled by her attainments.

After dinner I retired to my study; for Miss Littlejohn had innocently inflicted upon me a severe headache.

Days rolled past, and as each returned, my after-dinner headache came with it. The new governess chattered incessantly, and instead of retiring to superintend the children's lessons for the next morning, stuck to us incessantly. We could never be alone. All the ingenious schemes devised by Mrs Johnson and my daughter to get the governess out of the drawing-room, even for an hour during the evening, were fruitless. It was in vain Clotilda endeavoured to entice her to try over a new song at the school-room piano-forte: she would have it done at the instrument in the room where we sat. Miss Littlejohn had stipulated that she should be treated as 'one of the family,' and was determined that we should keep to our bond to the letter. If visitors dropped in, she treated them with the same condescending familiarity as ourselves, never failing to relate anecdotes of her late right honourable mistress, to show she had served 'in the best families.' She monopolised the conversation completely; for, should any one break in upon her discourse with a new subject, in the hope of silencing her, off she started upon that with as great speed, and with the same volubility, as the one just quitted. It was all the same to her; she had something to say upon everything. Like the lady in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, she was equally at home in 'Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses,' and determined never to hide her light under a bushel: with her, 'Terence was not too heavy, nor Plautus too light.' Though a very bad player, she constantly challenged me to chess, and never lost an opportunity of 'cutting in' to a rubber at whist, though she sorely tried Mrs Johnson's patience by committing sundry high crimes and misdemeanours; such as revoking, and taking tricks twice over. Besides, she put herself completely out of the pale of the whist-playing propieties, by constantly talking. In short, Miss Littlejohn was a bore.

All this might have been the more easily endured, had her conduct in school been satisfactory; but after a time, we found out that it was not. She had not patience to give the children regular lessons, but was continually talking—in short, indulging her propensity to loquacity, under pretence of explaining everything to them—to use her own expression—in an easy and familiar manner. These explanations were not always correct, and involved such a heterogeneous mass of subjects, that our children's heads got filled with a confused phantasmagoria of information, good, bad, and indiffer-

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rent, calculated to retard rather than advance their education.

It was evident that Miss Littlejohn must have notice to quit; and this was accordingly given her, very much to her astonishment; for, poor woman, she thought she was succeeding admirably.

When this step became known to the family, its wishes at once reverted to Miss Penson, with whom Clotilda still corresponded. Mrs Johnson consulted me on the propriety of trying her a second time; premising, that it was possible, were I to have a little conversation with her on the subject of the disagreement which caused us to part, she might in future be everything we desired. This I promised to do.

I could not help pitying Miss Littlejohn, for she seemed greatly mortified at her failure, and was perfectly unconscious of the cause of it; for there is no doubt she deemed herself the most amusing companion it was possible for a family to possess; and, as a governess, perfection itself. We all felt ourselves bound to endeavour to get her another situation, and conned over whole columns of advertisements in the newspapers to that end. At length we saw one likely to suit her; it ran thus:—

WANTED, A GOVERNESS.—Wanted, in a private family of the utmost respectability, a young lady fully competent to impart instruction to three little girls and a boy, varying from the ages of four to eleven. She must be a perfect mistress of the usual branches of an English education, including geography (with the use of the globe), arithmetic, history, and composition. None need apply who are not proficient in singing and piano-forte playing, and fully competent to teach dancing, calisthenic exercises, the French language (with a Parisian accent), drawing, oriental tinting, and Berlin embroidery.—N.B. A lady who, in addition to the above requisites, plays the harp, and is able to impart the rudiments of the Italian language, would be preferred. Address pre-paid, &c. &c.

Miss Littlejohn applied for this enviable situation, and thought herself lucky in obtaining it. We afterwards learned that she filled it to the entire satisfaction of her employers.

Miss Penson was at first invited to Clover Hall as a visitor, that our lecturing scheme might be carried out with more delicacy and propriety. She came—her eyes radiant with joy at again being with us; and I think our reception must have been flattering to her, for the junior branches took no pains to conceal their satisfaction. One day, when the term of her visit was drawing to a close, and the time came for a new engagement on the old footing to be talked about, Mrs Johnson enticed her into my sanctum, and I took upon myself to offer her a few words of advice; for the want of which, perhaps, we had been obliged to part with her in the first instance. She was most attentive. 'I have been thinking,' I began, 'that it was a great pity you left us, Miss Penson; pray, why was it?'

She could hardly tell; but she thought she had lost Mrs Johnson's confidence, by having several little offices taken from her when Miss Johnson returned from Paris.

'You lost nothing of the kind, my dear young lady; it was confidence in yourself which fled from you. I know that the situation of governess in a private family is a peculiar one; but as it is a profession, as much as law or medicine, it should be studied as such in every bearing. Its duties do not consist solely in teaching the young pupils; there are secondary ones; such as setting a general example of cheerful good humour and contentment to them. Now, unfortunately, this is seldom done; first, because in some families governesses have in reality something to complain of on the score of ill-treatment; and secondly, because, even when properly treated, they often expect too much, or, under the influence of circumstances, for which, at least, their employers cannot be blamed, are too ready to assume offence when nothing of the kind is meant. The posi-

tion, I readily own, is a difficult one; but it is not difficult for the governess only; it is often as much so for her employers, many of whom I have heard say that it cost them as much trouble, in company, to keep that single person in good humour as the whole of the rest of their guests, and this simply because of the peculiar proneness of that individual to think herself neglected or undervalued. I think, if young ladies of good sense and good principle were to take a candid view of the whole case, instead of an inconsiderate view of their own portion of it, they would be more easily contented, and therefore more generally happy. After they have been made by kindness to feel and appear members of the family, they forget that they are governesses, become dissatisfied with their lot at the smallest opposition to their wishes, be they ever so extravagant, and finally swell the number of complaints that are daily made to the world of the universal disregard in which the sisterhood is held.'

Miss Penson would allow me to say no more. She had, she said, long seen her error, and determined never to commit it again. We re-engaged her: she has been with us ever since; and though the children have grown up, Clotilda and Mrs Johnson find her so necessary to their happiness as a companion, that I do not think we shall ever part with her.

#### MONASTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

UNDER this title, Messrs Whittaker have presented to us, in the form of a cheap publication, a translation (by Mr T. E. Tomlins) of a very curious Latin memoir, written by a monk of St Edmundsbury towards the close of the twelfth century, with relation to the affairs of his monastery. This memoir was first published in its original language by the Camden society, and in that form it was made known to the public by Mr Carlyle, through the medium of his work entitled *The Past and Present*, which is indeed simply a contrast between the style of English life developed in this ancient chronicle, and that which is now exposed to living observation. Perhaps a more valuable book of its kind was never before printed; for while such early memoirs are generally meagre in detail, and unsatisfactory in the objects to which they relate, this gives almost as minute a narration of special domestic circumstances, as we find in any modern book of the Boswellian class, written expressly to gratify the incessant crave of the 'reading public,' and thereby fill the purse of the author. It is indeed a most lucky circumstance that an English monk of King John's days should have possessed a literary taste so extraordinary, and should have been impelled to indulge it in making such a compilation.

Jocelin of Brakelond—for such is the name of our monk—commences his narrative with an account of the abuses practised in the monastery during the latter years of an indolent, though well-meaning abbot. So far had the expenses of the establishment exceeded the income, that the abbot had run into debt to a large amount to Jews, and this evil was allowed to increase by a constant adding of interest to principal, until it reached an almost overwhelming amount. Nay, more than this; many of the inferior officials contracted debts in their own departments; and we are told that at one time there were thirty-three seals in the monastery, all in the course of being employed in such transactions. When we know that the interest of money in those days was sixty per cent. [how blest were 'the city' now with a tenth of the rate!], we may readily imagine what serious embarrassments must have interfered to break

up the calm of a cloistered life. There were two or three of the inmates who beheld the abuses with pious indignation; but they could not safely make head against them. The higher officials listened only to flatterers, and when any disagreeably conscientious man presumed to open his mouth, he was generally got quit of by being sent on some distant and dangerous mission. Even the sacred utensils of the church, and the ornaments of the shrine of holy St Edmund, were pledged away for money, without any punishment following; and when Abbot Hugh came to his deathbed—'ere he died, everything was snatched away by his servants, so that nothing remained in the abbot's house except the stools and tables, which could not be carried away. There was hardly left for the abbot his coverlet and two quilts, old and torn, which some who had taken away the good ones had placed in their stead. There was not even a single article of a penny's worth that could be distributed among the poor for the good of his soul.' Clearly, we should be far wrong in supposing that the persons devoted to religion in those days were very much elevated by their profession above the common frailties of humanity.

It is, however, generally observed, that even among the erring, those who do not err are looked up to and preferred; and so it happened that in this corrupt community the man chosen as the new abbot was the only one who seems to have been possessed of strict honour or prudence. Under Abbot Sampson a new system of things was commenced, and in a wonderfully short space of time he had cleared the house from debt, and introduced the strictest rule and discipline. Not that he was stingy or avaricious; he was only careful and diligent. To put the former imputation out of the question at once, his inauguration dinner was attended by one thousand guests! A specimen of his good management—

'After these things, the abbot caused inquisition to be made throughout each manor, touching the annual quit rents from the freemen, and the names of the labourers and their tenements, and the services due in respect of each, and reduced all into writing. Likewise he repaired those old halls and rickety houses where kites and crows hovered about; he built new chapels, and likewise inner chambers and upper storeys in many places, where there never had been any dwelling-house at all, but only barns. He also enclosed many parks, which he replenished with beasts of chase, keeping a huntsman with dogs; and, upon the visit of any person of quality, sat with his monks in some walk of the wood, and sometimes saw the coursing of the dogs; but I never saw him taste of the game. He approved much land, and brought it into tillage, in all things looking forward to the benefit likely to accrue to the abbey; but I wish he had been as careful when he held the manors of the convent in *commendam*. Nevertheless, he for a time kept our manors of Bradfield and Rougham in hand, making up the deficiencies of the farms by the expenditure of forty pounds; these he afterwards re-assigned to us, when he heard that dissatisfaction was expressed in the convent, on account of his keeping our manors in his own hand. Likewise in managing these manors, as well as in all other matters, he appointed keepers far more careful than their predecessors, were they monk or lay, and who looked after things more providently for us and our lands. He also held the eight hundreds in his own hand; and after the death of Robert of Cokefeld, he took on hand the hundred of Cosford, all which he committed to the keeping of those servants who were of his own table; referring matters of greater moment to his own decision, and deciding by means of others upon matters of lesser import; and, in point of fact, wringing everything to his own profit. Moreover, by his command, a general survey was made throughout the hundreds of the leets and suits, of *hidages* and *fodercorn*, of hen-rents, and of other dues, and rents, and issues, which, for the greater part, were concealed by the farmers, and reduced it all into writing; so that within four years from the

time of his election, there was not one who could defraud him of the rents of the abbey to the value of a single penny; whereas he himself had not received from his predecessors any writing touching the management of the abbey, save one small schedule, wherein was contained the names of the knights of St Edmund, and the names of the manors, and what farm-rent attached upon each farm. This book he called his *kalendar*, wherein also were entered the debts he had satisfied; and this same book he almost daily perused, as if in the same he contemplated the reflection of his own prudence.'

Sampson is described as temperate and simple in his habits. He 'condemned persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, and particularly monks who were dissatisfied therewith, himself adhering to the uniform course he had practised when a monk: he had likewise this virtue in himself, that he never changed the mess you set before him. Once when I, then a novice, happened to serve in the refectory, it came into my head to ascertain if this were true, and I thought I would place before him a mess which would have displeased any other but him, being served in a very black and broken dish. But when he had looked at it, he was as one that saw it not. Some delay taking place, I felt sorry that I had so done, and so, snatching away the dish, I changed the mess and the dish for a better, and brought it him; but this substitution he took in ill part, and was angry with me for it.' He was kind to poor relations, and remembered all such as had been serviceable to him in his early days, when only a poor student or monk. 'A certain man of low degree, who had managed his patrimony, and had been most devotedly attached to him from his youth, he looked upon as his dearest kinsman, and gave to his son, who was a clerk, the first church that became vacant after he came to the charge of the abbey, and also advanced all the other sons of this man. He invited to him a certain chaplain who had maintained him in the schools of Paris by the sale of holy water, and bestowed upon him an ecclesiastical benefice, sufficient for his maintenance, by way of vicarage. He granted to a certain servant of his predecessor's, food and clothing all the days of his life, he being the very man who put the fetters upon him at his lord's command when he was cast into prison. To the son of Elias, the butler of Hugh the abbot, when he came to do homage for his father's land, he said, in full court, "I have, for these seven years, deferred taking thy homage for the land which the abbot Hugh gave thy father, because that gift was to the damage of the manor of Elmeswell; but now I feel myself quite overcome when I call to mind what thy father did for me when I was in chains, for he sent to me a portion of the very wine whereof his lord had been drinking, and bade me be comforted in God." To Master Walter, the son of Master William de Disy, suing at his grace for the vicarage of the church of Chevington, he replied, "Thy father was master of the schools, and at the time when I was a poor clerk, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his school, and the means of learning; now I, for the sake of God, do grant to thee what thou dost ask." He addressed two knights of Risby, William and Norman, at the time when they were adjudged to be in his mercy, publicly in this wise, "When I was a cloister monk, sent to Durham upon business of our church, and from thence returning through Risby, being benighted, I sought a night's lodging from Lord Norman, who utterly forbade me; but going to the house of Lord William, and seeking shelter, I was hospitably entertained by him. Now, therefore, those twenty shillings, to wit, the mercy, I will without mercy exact from Norman; but contrariwise, to William I give thanks, and the amercement that is due from him do with pleasure remit."

Sampson tells a curious anecdote of his early life, when obliged to go to Rome in order to obtain an order from the pope for attaching the church of Woolpit to his monastery. Owing to the schism between Pope Alex-

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under and Octavian, the north of Italy was then in a convulsed and disorderly state, and clergymen travelling to Rome were often seized and mutilated, or even hanged, by the opposing parties. 'I, however,' says the abbot, 'pretended to be a Scotchman; and putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and the appearance of a Scotchman, I often shook my staff in the manner they use that weapon they call a *gaveloc*\* at those who mocked me, uttering threatening language, after the manner of the Scotch. To those who met and questioned me as to who I was, I answered nothing but, "*Ride ride Rome, turne Cantwreberi*."† Thus did I to conceal myself and my errand, and that I should get to Rome safer under the guise of a Scotchman. Having obtained letters from the pope, even as I wished, on my return I passed by a certain castle, as I was taking my way from the city, and behold the officers thereof came about me, laying hold upon me, and saying, "This vagabond, who makes himself out to be a Scotchman, is either a spy, or bears letters from the false pope, Alexander." And while they examined my ragged clothes, and my leggings, and my breeches, and even the old shoes which I carried over my shoulders, after the fashion of the Scotch, I thrust my hand into the little wallet which I carried, wherein was contained the writing of our lord the pope, close by a little jug I had for drinking; and the Lord God and St Edmund so permitting, I drew out that writing together with the jug, so that, extending my arm aloft, I held the writ underneath the jug. They could see the jug plain enough, but they did not find the writ; and so I got clear out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had about me, they took away; therefore it behoved me to beg from door to door, being at no charge, until I arrived in England.'

No small part of the troubles of Abbot Sampson arose from purely temporal matters, and especially from those in which money was concerned. For instance, we have the merchant citizens of London 'with one voice threatening that they would lay level with the earth the stone houses which the abbot had built that very year, or that they would take distress by a hundredfold from the men of St Edmund, unless the abbot forthwith redressed the wrong done them by the bailiffs of the town of St Edmund, who had taken fifteenpence from the carts of the citizens of London, who, in their way from Yarmouth, laden with herrings, had made passage through our demesnes.' He has also a squabble with the burgesses of Bury St Edmund's, in consequence of an attempt to raise their ground-rents above forty shillings a-year: they offer a hundred, which is refused; and, the case lying over, the monastery continues to draw only the original sum. He had also infinite vexations from his cellarers and other officers, who were continually getting their pecuniary affairs involved in confusion through profuse hospitality and want of good management.

We shall here introduce a few anecdotes illustrating the secular customs and manners of the age. 'Hamo Brand, one of the wealthier men of this town, on his deathbed, could hardly be persuaded to make a will; at last he made a will, but disposed of no more than three marks, and this in nobody's hearing, except his brother, his wife, and the chaplain. Now, the abbot, after this man's decease, reflected upon this, and called those three persons before him, and sharply rebuked them, especially upon this point, that his brother (who was his heir) and his wife would not suffer any one else to approach the sick man, they desiring to take all; and the abbot said in audience, "I was his bishop, and had the charge of his soul; let not the folly of his priest and confessor turn to my peril; but, inasmuch as I could not advise the sick man when alive, I being absent, what concerns my conscience I shall now perform, though it may seem to have been done slowly. I therefore com-

mand that all his debts and his movable chattels, which are worth, as 'tis said, two hundred marks, be reduced into a writing,\* and that one portion be given to the heir, and another to the wife, and the third to his poor kinsfolk and other poor persons. As to the horse which was led before the coffin of the defunct, and was offered to St Edmund, I order that it be sent back and returned; for it does not besem our church to be defiled with the gift of him who died intestate, and whom common report accuses that he was habitually wont to put out his money to use. By the face of God, if such a thing come to pass of any one in my days, he shall not be buried in the churchyard!" On his saying these things, the others departed greatly disconcerted.

On the morrow of the nativity of our Lord, there took place in the churchyard meetings, wrestlings, and matches between the servants of the abbot and the burgesses of the town; and from words it came to blows; from cuffs to wounds, and to the shedding of blood. The abbot, indeed, hearing of this privately, called to him certain of those who were present at the sight, but yet stood afar off, and ordered that the names of these evil-doers should be set down in writing; all these he caused to be summoned, that they should stand before him on the morrow of St Thomas the archbishop, in the chapel of St Dionis, to answer therefor. Nor did he, in the meantime, invite to his own table any one of the burgesses, as he had been wont to do, on the first five days of Christmas. Therefore, on the day appointed, having taken the oaths from sixteen lawful men, and having heard their evidence, the abbot said, "It is manifest that these evil-doers have incurred the penalties of the canon *late sententia*; but because there are laymen all round us, and they do not understand what a crime it is to commit such a sacrilege as this is, and that others may be deterred from doing the like, I shall by name and publicly excommunicate these persons; and that in no wise there be any diminution of justice, I shall first begin with my own domestics and servants." And it was done accordingly, we having put on our robes and lighted the candles. Therefore they all went forth from the church, and being recommended so to do, they all stripped themselves, and, altogether naked, except their drawers, they prostrated themselves before the door of the church. Now, when the assessors of the abbot had come, monks as well as clerks, and informed him, with tears in their eyes, that more than a hundred men were lying down thus naked, the abbot wept. Nevertheless, making a show of the rigour of the law both in word and countenance, but concealing the tenderness of his mind, he was willing enough to be compelled by his counsellors that the penitents should be absolved, knowing that mercy is exalted over judgment, and that the church receives all penitents. Thereupon they being all sharply whipped and absolved, they swore all of them that they would abide by the judgment of the church for sacrilege committed. On the morrow, penance was assigned to them, according to the appointment of the canons; and thus the abbot restored all of them to unity of concord, propounding terrible threats to all those who by word or deed should furnish matter of discord. Further, he publicly forbade meetings and shows to be had in the churchyard; and so all things being brought to a state of peace, the burgesses feasted on the following days with their lord the abbot with great satisfaction.'

The condition of a town before the days of police is exhibited in the following passage:—'Also, the cellarer was used freely to take all the dunghills in every street, for his own use, unless it were before the doors of those who were holding *acerland*; for to them only was it allowable to collect dung and to keep it. This custom was not enforced in the time of the Abbot Hugh up to the period when Dennis and Roger of Hingham became cellarers, who, being desirous of reviving the ancient custom, took the cars of the burgesses laden with dung,

\* That is, a javelin or pike.

† The meaning of these words seems to be, 'I am riding to Rome, and then I return to Canterbury'; in other words, 'I am a poor pilgrim, first going to Rome, and then to St Thomas a Becket's shrine, so I can have nothing to do with either pope.'

\* An inventory.

and made them unload; but a multitude of the burghesses resisting, and being too strong for them, every one in his own tenement now collects his dung in a heap, and the poor sell theirs when and to whom they choose.

We earnestly recommend to general notice this production of the middle ages, by which we for the first time get a mirror-like representation of what has hitherto been seen only through the stained-glass of romance, or in the mosaic pictures of modern history.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### A DISHONESTY IN A HIGH WALK.

THE dishonest practice of tradesmen giving gratuities to the servants of their customers, is familiarly known to the public, and has often been reprobated as it deserves. But it is not generally known that a practice precisely similar exists amongst life-assurance offices, where the bribed parties are not poor menials, with presumably obscure ideas of what is conscientious and right, but men belonging to one of the most liberal of professions, that of the law, and who might be expected to see all such matters in the clearest light.

Life-assurance, while generally designed for one of the most laudable of objects—the succour of those who might otherwise be left by the death of a father, husband, or other near relation in poverty—has become, in some degree, a business of competition. The joint-stock offices have a clear trading interest, as they aim at realising a profit for the shareholders; and the mutually assuring offices are also interested in having large business, as, when it is large, it is conducted more cheaply, and the risks are the more equably diffused. Hence the system of keen advertising pursued by all these establishments. It is very well to seek to obtain business by such fair means: indeed it is more than justifiable, for the public is still far from being generally aware of the great benefits which life-assurance is calculated to confer. But a large majority of the offices go beyond fair means; they hold forth the promise of a handsome commission to solicitors and others who bring them business, most of them giving 5 per cent. on the first and every subsequent annual premium, and several of them giving even 10 per cent. on the first, and 5 per cent. on every subsequent annual premium. Now, what is the real nature of this disbursement? It may be considered, we think, first, with respect to its special effect on the offices; and, secondly, with respect to its bearing on the public.

In the case of a joint-stock company—which is the nature of most life-assurance offices—it is simply a burden upon profits, and in that respect it calls for no remark. In the case of mutually assuring societies it is totally different, being then a subtraction from the funds which ought to stand for the benefit of the assured parties, and of which any surplus that arises ought to be divisible amongst them alone. If it could be said that the persons already assured were merely giving of their means to induce others to do as they have done—to perform one of the most respectable moral acts of which a person having others dependent upon him is capable—it might be susceptible of some justification; but the purpose of the payment is not of this nature; it is for no propagandism in behalf of life-assurance, but only to induce a particular choice of their office as distinguished from others. It is evident that men in their circumstances are mispending their money in devoting their funds to such a purpose; and it is equally clear that, in doing so, they are doing that which they have no right to attempt doing in any circumstances; namely, holding forth a bribe to tempt men from the path of duty.

That 'commission' is really of this character, there cannot be the shade of a doubt. When an individual designs to assure a sum upon his life, he is obviously concerned to select that office where the greatest ad-

vantages are to be obtained, and more especially to avoid those (and they are numerous) where comparatively small benefits are likely to accrue. Regarding his solicitor as a man of experience, he consults him about the selection of the best office, or puts the business at once into his hands as a piece of professional employment. Here it clearly is of the greatest importance for the interests of the assuring party that his agent or consultee should be an unbiased man; but can we be assured that he really is so, if three-fourths of the life-assurance offices are holding him forth bribes of various amount, to induce him to drag the victim to their especial altar? Certainly, although honesty in such circumstances is not impossible, it is far from likely, and can in no measure be certain. The system does all it can to make rogues, and we have no security against their not being made. We must presume the intending assurer to be ignorant of this profligate practice. He relies implicitly on his agent, as he has a good right to do, seeing that he employs him to give an honest counsel. He expects that that office which will give most liberally to his widow and orphans is to be selected, according to the conscientious judgment of his counsellor. But what, on the contrary, is done? Why, he is, perhaps, led to an office which does not hold forth any particular advantages to him (the assurer), but which contents itself with only holding forth some advantages to his agent. He is, in short, betrayed by the paltry cupidity of that man (trust-worthy, perhaps, in all other circumstances) into a transaction which, very probably, is just the least advantageous that he could have effected in the circumstances.

To give an idea of how the interests of an individual may be betrayed in this manner, we take the following example from Mr Babbage's *Comparative View of the Various Institutions for Assurance of Lives* (1826). 'A clergyman, in order to provide at his death for a numerous family, succeeded, by great economy, in saving from his income sufficient to assure his life for £2000; being unacquainted with business, he unfortunately trusted the choice of the office at which he assured to the attorney whom he had been in the habit of employing. The attorney effected the policy at one of those offices which make no return of any part of the profits, and which, notwithstanding, charge the same prices as the Equitable. During about twenty years, he received a commission of five per cent. from the office [realising in all probably £50], which was paid out of the annual sum, with difficulty spared from the scanty income of his employer: and on the death of the clergyman, his seven surviving orphans received from the office the original sum assured, £2000, instead of about £3200, which they might have received from the Equitable, had not the bribe held out by the other office been too great for the integrity of their father's solicitor.' We can add another illustration, in which the honest course was taken; and we are the more happy to do so, as it reflects credit on a profession which is here presented in an unpleasant light. A solicitor of our acquaintance was employed to effect an assurance for £2000 about the year 1820. He adopted a non-bribing office, which divided profits among the assured, instead of going to a certain other one in his eye, where he would have secured a 'commission' of ten guineas, but which did not divide profits. The premiums were somewhat different, but not to a great extent, at least not nearly so great as the results would have been at the end of seventeen years—the currency of the transaction—when the representatives of the assuring party got seven hundred pounds additional.

Unquestionably, the heavier part of this 'dishonesty in a high walk' lies at the door of the offices which hold forth the temptation; and, for this reason, we present a list of what we believe to constitute nearly the whole of the honourable minority which reject such means of obtaining business, believing that we are not only thus putting a deserved, though negative stigma upon a corrupt practice, but helping to guard the public against

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a betrayal of its interests. The following are non-bribing offices:—In London, the Equitable, Amicable, London Life Association, Mutual Assurance, Rock, and Metropolitan—all being mutual offices excepting the two last, which have an admixture of the proprietary system: in Edinburgh, the Scottish Widows' Fund, the Scottish Equitable, the Scottish Provident, and the Scottish Amicable—all of these last being mutually-assuring and profit-dividing societies.\*

We conclude with some remarks by Mr De Morgan,† to which every honourable mind must respond. 'All who have written on this subject of late years have attacked this bribe, for such it is; but they have directed all their censures upon the offices, as if they were the only parties to blame. If indeed the bribe had been offered to the needy and ignorant only, this partial distribution of blame might have been allowed; but, when the parties who receive the bribe are men of education, and moving in those professions which bring the successful to affluence, I do not see the justice of allowing them to escape. I have little doubt that an increasing sense of right and wrong will banish this unworthy practice, either by failure of givers or receivers. A barrister cannot offer commission on the briefs which he brings, nor can a physician pay an apothecary for his recommendation; a jury never receives a hint that the plaintiff will give commission on the damages which they award; and the time will come when the offer of money to a person, whose unbiased opinion is already the property of another, will be deemed what it really is; namely, bribery and corruption. It is one among many proofs how low is the standard of collective morality, and how easy it is for honourable individuals to do in concert that from which they would separately shrink.'

## SPINNING OUT.

It is the conviction of the writer of this, and of many persons with whom he has conversed on the subject, that the suffering caused by bankruptcies, so frequently occurring, would be greatly lessened if the principles of Christian morality were held and acted upon in commercial transactions.

The fact is striking and alarming, that, of late years, the dividends which bankrupt estates generally yield are so small, as hardly to be reckoned on. This is the result of 'spinning out' estates to the last extremity. Let an instance be stated. A person who was a small manufacturer in a country town eight years ago, commenced consigning his goods, and drawing advances. The returns were unprofitable; but instead of lessening his trade, he greatly extended it, getting increasing advances; till, within five years, he shipped to the extent of £40,000 per annum; sending, without regard to the state of the market, what was more than one-third of the whole of an article sent to India. He now became bankrupt, leaving an estate which did not pay one shilling in the pound, besides having injured the market and all concerned with it. Another case is that of a merchant who failed in 1839 for £24,000, one-third only of which was composed of debts for goods, the balance being for accommodation-bills between him and another house in similar circumstances. These may be somewhat extreme cases; but similar features characterise a great proportion of the failures which occurred during the last crisis. An examination into the affairs of most bankrupt estates will show that the men went on long after they ceased to be possessed of capital; the consequence of which was, that they had to purchase on credit, and, consequently, to a disadvantage; and, irrespective of the state of trade, were forced on to increased responsibilities to meet their increasing embarrassments; until, every means of keeping themselves afloat being exhausted, necessity, not their sense of rectitude and of

the claims of their creditors, with whose money they were trading, forced them to stop, leaving ruined estates.

It is well known that the trade of Paisley suffered but little from bad debts previous to the late crisis there, but that they had gone on by means of the credit system, driving what had been, for two years previously, a losing business.

Now, ought the person who acts thus to stand equal in society with the person who never contracts a debt without a fair prospect of paying it? If a trader is justified in any instance in going on after he has lost his capital, ought it not to be required of him, in order that his character be held unblemished, that he had good prospects of being able to continue to pay his debts, and that he stopped as soon as he found this not to be the case? The fact is, that, unless in cases directly fraudulent, the public make little distinction in bankruptcies; and even the bankrupt himself is far from having the standard of integrity in his own mind very accurately constructed.

## LIFE AND POETRY OF JAMES HISLOP.

THE world cannot be said to know the name of James Hislop as that of a poet. He is known, however, in this character by a portion of the public in our own section of the island, in consequence, almost solely, of one small production—a set of verses entitled *A Cameronian Dream*, which first appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine for February 1821. When this somewhat remarkable poem is perused, our readers have had an opportunity of knowing nearly as much of the author as any, except private friends, have hitherto known. Let them previously understand, that it relates a peasant's tale of superstition, connected with a muirland spot in Ayrshire, where a small party of the wilder Presbyterians of Charles II.'s time were attacked by soldiers in 1680, when their minister, Cameron, was slain. The spot is still marked by a flat gravestone inscribed to the memory of the sufferers.

## A CAMERONIAN DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was waked away  
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;  
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,  
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,  
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;  
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,  
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east  
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;  
On Wardlaw and Cairnstable the clear shining dew  
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,  
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness;  
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;  
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished for other feelings,  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revelations,  
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,  
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying;  
For the horsemen of Earlsdale around them were hovering,  
And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;  
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,  
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing;  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;  
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire, they were shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

\* We shall be happy to publish, in a conspicuous manner, the names of any other life-assurance offices which either do not charge any fees for business, or shall hereafter abandon the practice.  
† Essay on Probabilities, Cabinet Cyclopaedia, p. 220.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,  
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark mairlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;  
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned on axes of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazling like gold of the seventh refining,  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding:  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

If this poem be read with interest, some particulars respecting the author, who has been for many years deceased, will not be felt as superfluous. He was simply and literally a shepherd of the Scottish mountains, and at the time of the above composition, was only in his twenty-third year. The lowly youth, panting for education, and daring to hope that even some share of distinction may yet rest upon his humble name, may well take encouragement from the story of Hislop, who was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and reared by a grandfather who pursued the calling of a country weaver. Under the care, and with the assistance of this kind relative, who was a favourable specimen of the Scottish peasant, a man of piety and worth, and an elder in his parish church, young Hislop taught himself to read. He early exhibited that thirst for knowledge, and that habit of indiscriminate book-devouring, which form, perhaps, the most familiar marks of the class of minds destined to rise above the common level. It was also when little more than a child, that he was sent to tend sheep and cattle at the farm of Dalblair, in a neighbouring parish. A year of schooling, at about the age of thirteen, formed his only regular education; and after this he resumed his humble duties on another farm. It is a situation by no means so Arcadian as many city people suppose; but it had at least the virtue for Hislop of allowing him retirement and intervals of leisure for study. In the lee of a furze bush, on the hill-side, wrapped in his plaid, might the boy have often been seen conning some volume which chance had thrown in his way, while his faithful dog kept an eye upon his fleecy charge. As with Burns, 'no book was so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches.' But, as might be expected, those which addressed the imagination and the feelings were his greatest favourites. 'My mother,' he said, 'used to reprimand me with much severity when she found me reading any book except the Bible and the Confession of Faith. She said Burns's Poems were just a wheen blethers [a parcel of frivolous nonsense]. Many a severe scolding has she given me when my stocking wires got rusty in consequence of Robinson Crusoe. But I got very high in her favour when I distinguished myself by wielding the scythe and the sickle.'

Boghead, where he now served, is in the parish of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, and here he was in the immediate neighbourhood of Airmoss, the scene of the Cameron skirmish of 1680. Pondering on the monument of this event, and listening to the still fresh and much revered traditions of it which float about amongst the peasantry, helped to nourish the seeds of poetry in his mind. To him, too, the tales of goblins, of fairies, and of apparitions of the Evil One, which are told by the rustic fireside, came with a help of feeling and of fancy, which left them to reside in his heart as poetry for ever. Some years having passed in this place, he removed to Corsebank, on the rivulet Crawick, near the residence of his worthy grandfather, and afterwards to Carcoe, near Sanquhar. He now availed himself of the opportunity of obtaining private instructions in grammar and in the Latin language, the latter being an attainment looked upon with great respect

amongst the rustics of Scotland. To this he added French and mathematics, mainly advancing in all these pursuits by means of his own ready mind, unflinching zeal, and steady perseverance. At twenty, he had become a sort of wonder in his remote pastoral neighbourhood, both for his acquirements, and the power which he had shown of composing poems and songs in his vernacular tongue. 'I was now,' he says in a letter to a friend, 'an awkward shepherd boy, whose whole knowledge was confined to the Bible, and the various books of divinity and diversion that shepherd libraries could furnish me with. My principal hobby was Hutton's Arithmetic and Bonnycastle's Algebra; rather odd company for a poetical shepherd, you will allow.' The fact is a valuable one, as tending to convince young persons smitten with a love of poetry, that there is no good reason why they may not employ the mind also in some of those severer studies which train the thinking powers. It was soon after this that the charms of a rural maiden, whose name seems to have been Ann, first gave depth to the poetic effusions of the Dumfriesshire shepherd. Some gleams of ambition now visited him, and he opened an evening school for the instruction of his humble neighbours. Towards the end of 1819, when twenty-one years of age, he was induced to remove to Greenock, and there venture to depend entirely on teaching. About the same time, specimens of his poetry began to find their way into the Edinburgh Magazine, the amiable editor of which, the Reverend Mr Morehead, was pleased to take an interest in his welfare. In a prose communication to this gentleman, he gave, in clear and correct language, an indirect account of what had fed his mind in his shepherd life. 'Had you spent,' he says, 'as many Sabbath days among the Scottish peasantry as I have done, you would join me in thinking that there is yet an extensive field for the cultivation of a higher order of poetry than much that has yet appeared in our language. The popular superstitions, too, that are still current among the peasantry of Nithsdale and Ayrshire, would, of themselves, furnish an abundant supply of awful materials for the fancy of a skilful poet. Who that has ever heard of the fairies of Pal-veach or Glenmuir—the dead-lights carried by dead men, that have been seen among the haunted woods of Garpal or Cravick—the fiery coach that appeared at midnight at the grave of the murdered Cameron in Airmoss—the spectre that vanished in blood near the Wellwood, in the parish of Muirkirk—and hundreds more of the same kind that might be enumerated; who, I say, that has heard of these, and has been familiar with the characters and feelings of the people among whom they are cherished, will deny that such dread familiarity with the beings of another world has communicated to them an elevation and sublimity of mind highly poetical—perhaps not unfavourable to the cultivation of religion, as more awful conceptions must thus be produced of that Being "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire?"'

He soon after visited Edinburgh, where Mr Morehead gratified him by an introduction to Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey, and the Reverend Mr Alison. These gentlemen might well give kindly greeting to a youth who had penned verses so richly poetical in diction as the following *Imitation of a Passage in Tasso's Aminta*, which had just then come out in the pages of Mr Morehead's magazine.

When I was just a wee wee callan,\*  
Rimmas about my Annie's dweilan,  
We often totled† out thegither,  
And gowan; pou't w'e ane anither.

Her saft and shinan yellow hair  
Hang curlin' o'er her white neck bare,  
Dancin' upo' the simmer breeze—  
And I wad climb the leafy trees,

\* Little boy.

† Tottlered.

‡ Daisies.

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To cull the fruits o' sweetest juice,  
Of which my Annie had made choice.  
While thus among the woods we ran,  
An early friendship soon began :

And she was gentler far than my,  
And she was playful, young, and bonnie,  
And no one among a' the fair,  
Wi' my young Annie could compare.

In thae sweet years o' early love,  
The kind and gentle turtle dove  
Was not mair happy wi' its mate,  
Than we thegither air and late.

Our dwellans they were closely joined,  
But closer war our hearts combined,  
And though we were exactly yealans,\*  
We nearer were in thoughts and feelings.

By little and by little grew  
Up in my heart, I kenna how,  
Like a wee gowan by its lane,  
An unkent love for my sweet Ann,  
Which made me always wish to be  
In that young lassie's company.

When we were sitting on a bank,  
I from her eyes a sweetness drank.  
That made me wonder what could be  
Sae sweet in a young lassie's ee.

Such draughts of sweetness left a pain,  
That never could be healed again ;  
Besides, they often made me sigh ;  
I could not tell the reason why. \* \*

Beneath a shady green beech-tree,  
As day Eliza, Ann, and me,  
Playfully passed away the hours—  
The bees drank honey 'mang the flowers.

Eliza's cheek, vermilion pure,  
The bees mistook it for a flower ;  
Ane o' them cam' wi' bummin' wing,  
And wae-sucks ! pierced it wi' his sting.

Eliza's cheek was unco sair,  
And she began a greetin' † there ;  
My Annie, wi' her voice sae sweet,  
Said, Whist, Eliza ! dinna greet ;

I hae a charm will heal the wound,  
And mak' your cheek yet hale and sound ;  
I learned it frae an auld wise woman,  
Kent mony a thing that wana common.

This said, my Annie did advance  
Her sweet wee mouth, wi' laughin' glance,  
Began to try her magic powers,  
Wi' lips as soft as honey flowers.

She prest them to the bumbee wound,  
Wi' sic a sweet and murruran sound,  
That really, wonderfu' to say,  
Eliza's stang died quite away.

The virtue o' her lips was such,  
They healed it wi' their very touch.

And I, who never had before  
Observed in Annie any more  
Than the soft languor of her eyes ;  
Her voice that waked my softest sighs—

A voice far sweeter than the burnie  
That plays o'er mony a pebbled turnie,  
Sweeter than simmer's sigh, that heaves  
Among the flowers and rustlan leaves—

Began to feel a new desire ;  
Within my heart then burnt a fire,  
That made me long to press her lips,  
And drink the dew's a lover's lips.

Naeither plan remained for me,  
Than to bring back Eliza's bee,  
And make it come wi' bummin' wing,  
And gie my cheek like hers a sting.

Whether my cheek was stinged or no,  
It matters not—but I did go  
To Annie—who my tale believed—  
For piteously I grat and grieved.

Soon did the simple girl prepare  
To mend my cheek was stang't sae sair ;  
But ah ! the sting her lips did gie  
Inflamed far waur than any bee !

The Greenock speculation turned out ill, and affected his health, for the recovery of which he was obliged to return to the *braes* of Carcoe. Here he wandered

about for some months, comparatively idle, yet not neglecting his studies, which now extended to French and Italian literature, and caused him to be regarded as a wonder by all his old friends, his uncle included, who always spoke of him as an 'unco chiel,' and thought there was nothing he could not do. It was at the end of the year that he composed his *Cameronian Dream*, which, being published in the magazine, immediately attracted attention. Mr Jeffrey, in particular, was so much pleased with it, that he sent the author a present. Hislop now tried a school in Edinburgh, but had not been engaged in it long, when, by the interest of the gentleman last named, he obtained the appointment of school-master in the *Doris* frigate, then about to sail for the South American station.

During his absence at sea, Hislop kept up as regular a correspondence as circumstances would permit with his friend and patron, the editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. When not engaged in the tuition of the midshipmen and others intrusted to his charge, he applied himself sedulously to the improvement of his own mind by reading and composition. After an absence of upwards of three years, the *Doris* returned to England, and Hislop once more visited his native scenery and relations at Carcoe, where he resumed his contributions to the *Edinburgh Magazine* in a series of 'Letters from South America,' which at that time excited very considerable interest. In the end of 1825 he proceeded to London, and became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, Mrs Joanna Baillie, and Mr Lockhart of the *Quarterly Review*, and was subsequently engaged as a reporter for one of the London newspapers, an occupation, however, for which he appears to have entertained little partiality, and which soon terminated. The fidelity with which he reported one of the sermons of the celebrated Edward Irving, afterwards brought him into acquaintance with that remarkable man, who presented him with a beautiful pocket Bible in the original language, and a Hebrew grammar, and, as in many other cases where he met with young men of ability, but without employment, strongly urged him to study for the church. In 1826 he was appointed head master of an academy in the neighbourhood of London, and in about twelve months after, he joined the *Tweed* man-of-war, under the command of Lord Henry Spencer, ordered to the Mediterranean, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope. His diligence and labour in study and composition were remarkable. Although highly respected by all on board, it can be easily imagined that the manners and conversation of a ship's company were not such as to allure the school-master much into their society, and therefore, except when professionally engaged in teaching, his time was chiefly occupied in the retirement of his own little cabin. His powers of composition were great ; but as he composed with much rapidity, his writings, though abounding with brilliant flashes of imagination, and evincing great amiability and tenderness of feeling, are necessarily deficient in that vigour and concentration of thought which are only to be acquired by an attentive study of the best authors, serious reflection, and a careful weeding out of superfluous words and unmeaning expletives. Among the numerous poems composed at sea, that entitled the 'Scottish Sacramental Sabbath,' after the manner of Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night*, is perhaps the best. The following verses may be taken as a specimen :—

The Sabbath morning glides the eastern hills ;  
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,  
Frae heath-clad hamlets 'mang the muirland rills,  
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet—  
Skiffin' the daisies drouket f' the weat,\*  
The nibblin' flocks come blent'n' down the brae,  
To shadowy pastures screened frae simmer heat,  
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,  
'Mang holms of clover red, and bright brown rye-grass hay.

\* The same age.

† Crying.

\* Daubed with wet.



His ewes and lambs brought carefu' frae the height,  
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;  
On green-sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,  
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book soiled an' torn,  
The task prepared, assigned for Sabbath morn,  
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;  
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thora,  
Kneels down apart, her spirit to prepare,  
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat, wi' solemn converse mixed,  
At early hour they finish their repast,  
The pious sire repeats full many a text  
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.  
To see her little family feastly drest,  
The careful matron feels a mother's pride;  
Glee this a linen shirt—glee that a vest—  
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide;  
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding-robes provide.

The sisters buskit seek the garden walk,  
To gather flowers, and watch the warming bell;  
Sweet-William, dangle' dewy frae the stalk,  
Is mixed wi' mountain daisies rich in smell:  
Green sweet-brier—sprigs and daisies frae the dell,  
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode;  
And Wanlock miners cross the mairland fell;  
Then down the sunny winding woodland road,  
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

On her outward voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, while the Tweed was cruising off the Cape de Verd Islands, Hislop, one of the officers, the whole of the midshipmen, and the surgeon, made a party of pleasure to visit the island of St Jago. The officer, being afraid to remain upon the island during the night, returned to the ship by swimming; the rest slept on shore in the open air, and were in consequence all seized with a violent fever. Six of them, including the surgeon and four midshipmen, died after a short illness. Hislop lingered for twelve days, and died on the 4th December 1827, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. The event was deeply regretted by all who knew him. Had his life been spared, there is every reason to believe he would have risen to a most respectable position in the literary world. 'He was mild, gentle, and kind-hearted,' said the late Allan Cunningham in a letter to the writer of this article; 'and, as was the man, so was his genius; elegant rather than vigorous; sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was lofty occasionally too. His compositions, coloured slightly by a fortune more uncertain than happy, have much deep feeling, and a love warm and devout for all the living and moving works of God. He was a frequent and welcome visitor of my fire-side, and I heard of his tragic death with the sorrow of a brother.'

## LEGENDS RESPECTING TREES.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

LIKE other natural objects of signal importance to man, whether yielding food, affording shelter, or simply conferring loveliness on the landscape, trees, in the earlier stages of society, have uniformly been the fertile subjects of poetical and mythological allusion. Many of the prettiest legends of heathen antiquity, as well as of our Christian progenitors, relate to trees; while poets, in all countries and ages, have borrowed from them their most brilliant imagery and comparisons. Without inquiring into the causes of these varied allusions, we intend to present the reader with a few of the more remarkable legends, as gleaned from the late Mr Loudon's magnificent work—'The Trees and Shrubs of Great Britain.'

The *White Poplar*, according to ancient mythology, was consecrated to Hercules, because he destroyed Cacus in a cavern of mount Aventine, which was covered with these trees; and in the moment of his triumph, bound his brow with a branch of one as a token of his victory. When he descended into the infernal regions, he also returned with a wreath of white poplar round his head. It was this, says the fable, that made the leaves of the colour they are now. The perspiration from the hero's brow made the inner part of the leaf white; while the smoke of the lower regions turned the upper surface of

the leaves almost black. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were always crowned with branches of this tree; and all who had gloriously conquered their enemies in battle wore garlands of it, in imitation of Hercules. In 'The Sentiment of Flowers,' it is said that the ancients consecrated the white poplar to Time, because the leaves are in continual agitation; and being of a blackish green on one side, with a thick white cotton on the other, these were supposed to indicate the alternation of day and night.

The *Black Poplar* is no less celebrated in fable than its congener above-mentioned. According to Ovid, when Phaëthon borrowed the chariot and horses of the sun, and, by his heedless driving, set half the world on fire, he was hurled from the chariot by Jupiter into the Po, where he was drowned; and his sisters, the Heliades, wandering on the banks of the river, were changed into trees—supposed by most commentators to be poplars. The evidence in favour of the poplar consists in there being abundance of black poplars on the banks of the Po; in the poplar, in common with many other aquatic trees, being so surcharged with moisture, as to have it exuding through the pores of the leaves, which may thus literally be said to weep; and in there being no tree on which the Sun shines more brightly than on the black poplar, thus still showing gleams of parental affection to the only memorial left of the unhappy son whom his own fondness had contributed to destroy.

The *Apple Tree*, so singularly connected with the first transgression and fall of man, is distinguished alike in the mythologies of the Greeks, Scandinavians, and Druids. The golden fruits of the Hesperides, which it was one of the labours of Hercules to procure, in spite of the sleepless dragon which guarded them, were believed by the pagans to be apples. Hercules was worshipped by the Thebans under the name of Melius; and apples were offered at his altars. The origin of this custom was the circumstance of the river Asopus having on one occasion overflowed its banks to such an extent, as to render it impossible to bring a sheep across it which was to be sacrificed to Hercules; when some youths, recollecting that an apple bore the same name as a sheep in Greek (mélon), offered an apple, with four little sticks stuck in it, to resemble legs, as a substitute for sheep; and after that period, the pagans always considered the apple as especially devoted to Hercules. In the Scandinavian Edda, we are told that the goddess Iduna had the care of apples which had the power of conferring immortality; and which were consequently reserved for the gods, who ate of them when they began to feel themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loke, took away Iduna and her apple tree, and hid them in a forest, where they could not be found by the gods. In consequence of this malicious theft, everything went wrong in the world. The gods became old and infirm; and, enfeebled both in body and in mind, no longer paid the same attention to the affairs of the earth; and men having no one to look after them, fell into evil courses, and became the prey of the evil spirit. At length the gods, finding matters get worse and worse every day, roused their last remains of vigour, and combining together, forced Loke to restore the tree.

The Druids paid particular reverence to the apple tree, because the mistletoe was supposed to grow only on it and the oak; and also on account of the usefulness of its fruit. In consequence of this feeling, the apple was cultivated in Britain from the earliest ages of which we have any record; and Glastonbury was called the apple orchard, from the quantity of apples grown there previous to the time of the Romans. Many old rites and ceremonies are therefore connected with this tree, some of which are practised in the orchard districts even at the present day. 'On Christmas eve,' says Mrs Bray, 'the farmers and their men in Devonshire take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it; and carrying it in state to the orchard, they salute the apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make

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them bear well next season. This salutation consists in throwing some of the cider about the roots of the tree, placing bits of the toast on the branches; and then forming themselves into a ring, they, like the bards of old, set up their voices and sing a song, which may be found in Brand's Popular Antiquities. In Hone's Every-Day Book, this custom is mentioned, but with some slight variation.

The wassail bowl, drunk on All Hallow'E'en, Twelfth Day Eve, Christmas Eve, and on other festivals of the church, was compounded of ale, sugar, nutmeg, and roasted apples, which every person partook of; each taking out an apple with the spoon, and then drinking out of the bowl. Sometimes the roasted apples were bruised and mixed with milk or white wine instead of ale; and in some parts of the country apples were roasted on a string, till they dropped off into a bowl of spiced ale beneath, which was called *Lamb's Wool*. The reason of this name, which is common to all the compounds of apples and ale, is attributed by Vallancey to its being drunk on the 31st of October, All Hallow'E'en; the first day of November being dedicated to the angel presiding over fruit, seeds, &c., and therefore named *La Mas Ubhal*; that is, the day of the apple-fruit: and this being pronounced lamosool, soon became corrupted by the English into lamb's wool. Apples were blessed by the priests on the 25th of July; and an especial form for this purpose is preserved in the manual of the church of Sarum.

The custom of bobbing for apples on All Hallow'E'en, and on All Saints Day, which was formerly common over all England, and is still practised in some parts of Ireland, has lately been rendered familiar by McClise's masterly painting of the Sports of All Hallow'E'en. A kind of hanging-beam, which was continually turning, was suspended from the roof of the room, and an apple placed at one end, and a lighted candle at the other. The parties having their hands tied behind them, and being to catch the apples with their mouths, frequently caught the candle instead. In Warwickshire, apples are tied to a string, and caught at in the same manner; but the lighted candle is omitted: and in the same county children roast apples on a string on Christmas Eve; the first who can catch an apple, when it drops from the string, getting it. In Scotland, apples are put into a tub of water, and then bobbed for with the mouth.

The Ash, according to heathen mythology, furnished the wood of which Cupid made his arrows, before he had learned to adopt the more fatal cypress. In the Scandinavian Edda, it is stated that the court of the gods is held under a mighty ash, the summit of which reaches the heavens, the branches overshadow the whole earth, and the roots penetrate to the infernal regions. An eagle rests on its summit, to observe everything that passes, to whom a squirrel constantly ascends to report those things which the exalted bird may have neglected to notice. Serpents are twined round the trunk; and from the roots there spring two limpid fountains, in one of which wisdom lies concealed, and in the other a knowledge of the things to come. Three virgins constantly attend on this tree, to sprinkle its leaves with water from the magic fountains; and this water, falling on the earth in the shape of dew, produces honey. Man, according to the Edda, was formed from the wood of this tree. Ancient writers of all nations state that the serpent entertains an extraordinary respect for the ash. Pliny says that if a serpent be placed near a fire, and both surrounded by ashen twigs, the serpent will sooner run into the fire than pass over the pieces of ash; and Dioecorides asserts that the juice of ash leaves, mixed with wine, is a cure for the bite of that reptile. Evelyn mentions that in some parts of England the country people believe that, if they split young ash trees, and make ruptured children pass through the cleft, it will cure them; and the Rev. W. T. Bree relates an instance, within his personal knowledge, of this extraordinary superstition having been lately practised in Warwickshire. Lightfoot says that,

in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife puts one end of a green stick of this tree into the fire, and, while it is burning, gathering in a spoon the juice which oozes out at the other end, administers this as the first spoonful of food to the newly-born baby.

The Oak appears early to have been an object of worship among the Celts and ancient Britons. Under the form of this tree the Celts worshipped their god Tuet, and the Britons Tarnawa, their god of thunder. Baal, the Celtic god of fire, whose festival (that of Yule) was kept at Christmas, was also worshipped under the semblance of an oak. The Druids professed to maintain perpetual fire; and once every year all the fires belonging to the people were extinguished, and re-lighted from the sacred fire of their priests. This was the origin of the Yule log, with which, even so lately as the middle of last century, the Christmas fire, in some parts of the country, was always kindled; a fresh log being thrown on and lighted, but taken off before it was consumed, and reserved to kindle the Christmas fire of the following year. The Yule log was always of oak; and as the ancient Britons believed that it was essential for their hearth-fires to be renewed every year from the sacred fire of the Druids, so their descendants thought that some misfortune would befall them if any accident happened to the Yule log.

The worship of the Druids was generally performed under an oak, and a heap of stones or cairn was erected on which the sacred fire was kindled. Before the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, the Druids fasted for several days, and offered sacrifices in wicker baskets or frames, which, however, were not of willow, but of oak twigs curiously interwoven, and were similar to that still carried by Jack-in-the-green on May-day, which, according to some, is a relic of Druidism. The well-known chorus of 'Hey, derry down,' according to Professor Burnet, was a Druidic chant, signifying literally, 'In a circle the oak move around.' Criminals were tried under an oak tree; the judge, with the jury, being seated under its shade, and the culprit placed in a circle made by the chief Druid's wand. The Saxons also held their national meetings under an oak; and the celebrated conference between the Saxons and the Britons, after the invasion of the former, was held under the oaks of Dartmoor.

The Mistletoe, particularly that which grows on the oak, was held in great veneration by the Britons. At the beginning of their year, the Druids went in solemn procession into the forests, and raised a grass altar at the foot of the finest oak, on which they inscribed the names of those gods which were considered as the most powerful. After this the chief Druid, clad in a white garment, ascended the tree, and cropped the mistletoe with a consecrated golden pruning-hook, the other Druids receiving it in a pure white cloth, which they held beneath the tree. The mistletoe was then dipped in water by the principal Druid, and distributed among the people, as a preservative against witchcraft and diseases. If any part of the plant touched the ground, it was considered to be the omen of some dreadful misfortune which was about to fall upon the land. The ceremony was always performed when the moon was six days old, and two white bulls were sacrificed at the conclusion. In Scandinavian mythology, Loke, the evil spirit, is said to have made the arrow with which he wounded Balder (Apollo), the son of Friga (Venus), of mistletoe branches. Balder was charmed against injury from everything which sprang from fire, earth, air, and water; but the mistletoe, springing from neither, was found to be fatal, and Balder was not restored to the world till by a general effort of the other gods. The magical properties of the mistletoe are mentioned both by Virgil and Ovid. In the dark ages a similar belief prevailed; and even to the present day the peasants of Holstein, and some other countries, call the mistletoe the 'spectre's wand,' from the supposition, that holding a branch of mistletoe will not only enable a man to see

ghosts, but to force them to speak to him. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas has been handed down to us by our Saxon ancestors, who, on the restoration of Balder, dedicated the plant to their Venus (Frige), to place it entirely under her control, and to prevent it from being again used against her as an instrument of mischief. In the feudal ages, it was gathered with great solemnity on Christmas eve, and hung up in the great hall with loud shouts and rejoicing:—

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stole priest the chalice near.  
The damsel donned her kirtle green;  
The hall was dressed with holly green;  
Forth to the woods did merry men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

The Holly, like some other evergreens, has long been used at Christmas for ornamenting churches and dwelling-houses. It appears to have been first made use of for this purpose by the early Christians at Rome, and was probably adopted for decorating the churches at Christmas, because holly was used in the great festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about that period. It was customary among the Romans to send boughs of holly, during the Saturnalia, as emblematical of good wishes, with the gifts they presented to their friends at that season; and the holly came thus to be considered as an emblem of peace and good-will. Whatever may have been the origin of the practice of decorating churches and houses with holly, it is of great antiquity. In England, perhaps, the earliest record of the custom is in a carol in praise of holly, written in the time of Henry VI., beginning with the stanza—

Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wys;  
Let holly hafe the maystry (mastery), as the maner is.  
Holly stonde in the halle, fayre to behold;  
Ivy stonde without the dore; she is ful sore a-cold.

In illustration of which it must be observed, that the ivy, being dedicated to Bacchus, was used as a vintner's sign in winter, and hung outside the door. The disciples of Zoroaster, the author of fire-worship, believed that the sun never shadows the holly tree; and the followers of that philosopher, who still remain in Persia and India, are said to throw water impregnated with holly bark in the face of a new-born child. In the language of flowers, the holly is the symbol of foresight and caution.

#### HOOD'S MAGAZINE—THE MAISON DE DEUIL.

A new magazine, with Mr Thomas Hood for editor, cannot fail to attract, and, we should likewise think, to deserve attention. The first few numbers present a most agreeable melange of light literature, by the editor and his friends. We cannot avoid making particular reference to a poem of Mr Hood's, entitled 'The Haunted House,' which, for impressive description, exceeds everything of the kind which we have seen for a long time; confirming what must have been suggested to many minds besides our own, by the Dream of Eugene Aram, and some other serious productions of this author, that his comicallities are but the more trivial effusions of a mind which, if left free in the exertion of its powers, might rival some of our greatest masters in the regions of fancy and feeling. Unfortunately, the public calls most loudly for amusement, and Mr Hood is obliged to obey the call. Acting on the same consideration, we are constrained to prefer, to all more serious matters, a sample of drollery.

It is an extract from a piece in the form of a farce, entitled 'The House of Mourning,' in which the establishment of shops in London, exclusively for the sale

of mourning attire, is exposed to playful satire. A shop of this kind, painted black outside, after the fashion of a Parisian *Maison de Deuil*, attracts the attention of a country squire and his lady, and, influenced by curiosity, they forthwith enter the establishment. Ebony chairs being placed for their accommodation, they are addressed by a young man in black, who speaks across the counter with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.

'May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

*Lady.* I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

*Shopman.* Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume?

*Lady.* Yes; a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine who has lost her husband.

*Shopm.* Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

*Lady.* Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

*Shopm.* Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

*Lady.* Yes, I should like to see them.

*Shopm.* Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—watered, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

*Squire.* Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

*Shopm.* A little slight, sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last for ever, sir.

*Squire.* No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

*Lady.* La! Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction? But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

*Shopm.* Certainly, by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal, indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

*Lady.* And all in the French style?

*Shopm.* Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning—makes up very sombre and interesting.

*Lady.* I daresay it does, sir.

*Shopm.* Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

*Squire.* You had better cut me off first.

*Shopm.* Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am—

*Lady.* Is it proper, sir, to mourn in velvet?

*Shopm.* O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the *Luxury of Wo*.

*Lady.* Very expensive, of course?

*Shopm.* Only eighteen shillings a-yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

*Squire.* Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfluous as it goes upwards in life?

*Shopm.* Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, sir!

*Lady.* To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

*Shopm.* O, infinite—the largest stock in town! Full and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India-ink drawing, from grief pronounced to the slightest nuance of regret.



*Lady.* Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

*Shopm.* Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

*Squire.* What, the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

*Shopm.* Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. (*Calls across.*) Mr Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop and take seats vis-à-vis; Mr Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn,*

*Shopm.* You wish to inspect some half mourning, madam?

*Lady.* Yes—the newest patterns.

*Shopm.* Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided—alleviated, you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead colour!

*Squire.* As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

*Shopm.* Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

*Squire.* Old women, mayhap, about seventy?

*Shopm.* Exactly so, sir—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

*Lady.* Yes; it feels very stout.

*Shopm.* But perhaps, madam, that is too lugubrious. Now, here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a wo moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.

After a little more chat of this dolorous kind, the pair are shown into a back room, hung with black, and decorated with looking-glasses in black frames. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.

*'Shove.* Your melancholy pleasure, ma'am?

*Lady.* Widow's caps.

*Squire.* Humph!—that's plump, anyhow!

*Shov.* This is the newest style, ma'am—

*Lady.* Bless me! for a widow? Isn't it rather—you know, rather a little—

*Squire.* Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

*Shov.* Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernised, and admits more *goût* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap—but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too ornate. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathiser*—

*Squire.* Where is he?

*Shov.* This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

*Lady.* Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

*Shov.* Would you like to try it, ma'am?

*Lady.* No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—pray what are those?

*Shov.* Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand—an exquisite piece of work—

*Squire.* Better than a noisy one!

*Shov.* Here is another, ma'am—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, ma'am.

*Squire.* But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

*Shov.* O dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

*Squire.* O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

Curiosity being now appeased, the lady leaves the shop with her plain-spoken husband, who, turning back, takes a last look at the premises.

*'Squire.* Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool!

Well, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!

#### ORIGIN AND TREATMENT OF GLANDERS.

THE veterinary disease, glanders, when communicated to the human subject, produces sufferings of the direst kind, and is (in the present state of medicine) incurable. The utmost that can now be done by medical science with a regard to the disease, is to suggest measures of prevention; which are the more necessary, as at present there are erroneous views respecting the origin and mode of propagation of the disease, which are extremely apt to cause the dreaded effects to take place. With a view to protect our fellow-creatures from a calamity of so dreadful a kind, we call the particular attention of all persons concerned in the management of stables, to the following authoritative statement on the subject in *Dr Burgess's Manual of Diseases of the Skin* :—

'M. Hamont's researches go to prove that the old notion of glanders being always the result of damp, narrow, and ill-ventilated stables, is erroneous. He maintains—1. That the original causes of glanders do not exist in stables; 2. That the habitation exerts but a very secondary influence towards their development; 3. That an insufficiency, or a bad quality of food, may excite both glanders and farcy in degenerated animals; and, lastly, that they never appear spontaneously in the blood-horse when well fed and well taken care of. The matter of a glandered sore may produce farcy, and that of a farcy-bred may produce glanders—a convincing proof of the identity of these diseases.

The treatment of glanders, like the remote causes of that disease, is vague and uncertain, and as yet no remedies have been discovered that can prevail against it. The prophylactic [preventive] measures are, however, more evident. As we know that the disease, when once generated, may be transmitted by inoculation, every precaution should be taken to obviate that event. For example, persons going about, or handling glandered animals, brute or human, should frequently wash their hands, and perhaps their face as well, in a strong solution of alum; the slightest scratch or cut on any part of the skin that is exposed should be covered and protected; and the attendants should wear long gloves. Various remedies have been recommended, with the view of arresting the disease; but their administration has been attended with little benefit. Fumigations with the vapour of a combination of sulphur and iodine, as I have recommended in *lepra*, will be found most useful in allaying the pain of the ulcerated tumours, and in altering the vitality of the inflamed and enlarged glands before they suppurate. In case of inoculation in the thigh, or in any part of the body where a cupping-glass may be applied, it should be instantly employed, and the wound should be deeply cauterised immediately afterwards.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

In the disastrous retreat which the British army made in Spain in December 1808, under the command of Sir John Moore, the army was passing a mountainous tract, when a soldier's wife, whose husband was supposed to have been killed on the field of Alkmaar, was observed struggling up a precipitous mountain-side during a violent snow-storm. She was driving an ass before her, with two paniers on its back, each containing a very young female child, which seemed little likely to survive the bitter cold to which it was exposed. The poor ass, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and stumbling in consequence of its feet getting clogged with snow, was just about giving up, when an officer observed the great distress the woman was in, went up to her, and clearing the ass's feet of the frozen snow with his knife, handed it a small quantity of hay

from the forage wagons, which it devoured greedily. From the great confusion which prevailed at the time, he was unable to render the poor woman any farther assistance. He left her, with very little hope that she and her infant charges would outlive hardships under which hardy men were every day sinking. After this incident, the officer remained in the army for fifteen years, at the end of which time he retired to pass the remainder of his days in his native place, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. One day, as he walked along the street, a woman, whom at first he believed to be a stranger to him, came up, and seizing his hand, began to gaze scrutinisingly in his face. Tears gradually filled her eyes, but she was unable to utter a word for some minutes. At length she found voice to ask his name, and if he recollected rendering assistance to a soldier's wife, with two young children, during the retreat to Corunna. He replied in the affirmative, and she then told him that she was the person whom he had succoured on that occasion. She had often, she said, wished to see him again, that she might thank him for his humanity, which had been the immediate means of saving at least her two children from destruction. She had been able, she added, to get to her own country with her children in safety, and she now lived with them in this very place. In conclusion, the officer accompanied her to her house, where he found the two children transformed into two fully grown girls, able and willing to support their mother by their industry. His feelings on the occasion need not, it is presumed, be particularly described.

#### THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.

This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of a palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Columbia, South America. The Columbians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head), in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas*, or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa*, or small fruited. 'The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity.' According to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The doum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.

#### REASON AND AUTHORITY.

In reviewing the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of mankind at any period of their history, we find the varied forms of human opinion always bearing the impress of one of the two great sources from which they take their origin, and with it their peculiar features, and which we name generally *reason* and *authority*. Though each of these terms has been used with some diversity of meaning, yet we may adopt them in a general way, without fear of mistake, as convenient designations for two broadly-distinguished principles which share an influence over all human opinions and institutions, under whatever diversity of outward form, and the nature of which is best seen in contrasting their characteristic practical effects. It may indeed be true that either is seldom found in operation free from all admixture of the other, but we may still trace the peculiar effects of each even in their joint operation. The one always seeks to maintain a dominion of influence, the other disclaims all sway but that of argument; the former looks only to submission and confor-

mity, the latter to conviction and sincerity; the one would enforce duty and subordination, the other is directed to enlightenment and freedom of opinion; the first adheres to an unvarying standard, the second is progressive; the former holds out the salutary and beneficial effects of its requisitions, the latter inquires into the grounds of them, and seeks facts and evidence; the one follows the ancient, the many, and the approved, the other cares not to stand out singly and renounce the most favourite prepossessions; the one clings to old associations and impressions of the past, the other looks to the brighter prospects of the future; the one seeks to repress excitement and innovation, the other lives in movement and progress; the one exclaims against the unknown dangers of change, and urges the safety of adherence to what is established, the other dreads the worse evils of lingering in stagnation, and contends that real security is to be found only in energetic advance. Throughout the history of human opinions, we cannot fail to recognise these two counterbalancing powers always in operation under one form or another—the one repressing, the other stimulating, the activity of the mind, whether for good or for evil. Either, in excess, has been productive of mischief; and each has in some degree acted as a check on the other, and a preservative against its abuse. But the tendency of each is clear, and we trace the influence of each in turn in all the marked epochs of the condition of the human race, as each has for a time acquired the ascendancy.—*British and Foreign Review*.

#### BLACK SPOTS ON LEAVES.

The black spots observable on the leaves of the elm, plane, and many other trees in autumn, are accounted for by Mr Barham in the following ingenious manner:—'I have examined these spots with some attention. They have certainly nothing to do with insect attacks, and are as little connected with changes taking place in the physiological functions of the tree. They are entirely, I believe, occasioned by the concentration of the rays of light passing through the globules of rain, or dew, which settle on, and remain attached for a time to the leaves; hence the black spot is formed on the upper surface of the leaf. These globules act the part of burning lenses, and the circular patch beneath them is scalded. Thus the leaves of cucumbers and melons, from a similar cause, are frequently blotched, and sometimes perforated.

#### FRENCH SAVINGS' BANKS.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. C. Dupin read a statistical paper on the Savings' Banks of Paris, and of the different cities and towns of France, showing the constantly increasing amount of the deposits, and arguing against the fears entertained by some persons in regard to the difficulties which a sudden demand for repayment would present. He dwelt upon the just confidence which the people had in these institutions, and on the amount of good which they were calculated to produce among those who were sufficiently provident and self-dependent thus to preserve the surplus of their earnings. According to M. Dupin, the deposits in the Savings' Bank of Paris in January 1843 exceeded a hundred millions of francs.

#### NEW VOLCANO IN THE ADRIATIC.

The *Gazetta di Milano* announces that a new volcano was formed, about the middle of last September, in the mountainous island of Meleda, situated in the Adriatic, near Ragusa. During the night of the 14th, the crew of a Roman vessel, which happened to be in the neighbourhood, and had felt successive shocks for hours, saw lava issuing from the centre of the island, and flow over a space of about half a mile. The following night, while sailing in the neighbouring canal, about two miles from land, they observed that seven craters had been formed in the mountains of the island, and were throwing out burning substances. The appearance of this volcano has been considered as having an immediate relation to the very violent earthquakes which were felt at Ragusa on the evening of the 15th September, and extended to the islands of Curzoli, Meleda, Scarpanto, and Khalki, the latter of which has been completely ruined.

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